

## The Future.

Like clouds I drift, though fiercely seeking wings,  
Throughout the fairy universe to speed,  
Censuring that somewhere the sky's paths  
will lead.

To a cloud-voiled form on kindred wanderings,  
Thence life will tremble like to budding things,  
The mist disclose a bosom that does bleed,  
And my heart know its life is come, indeed,  
Pierced by new sun and fed by bursting springs.  
Long, lonely ways converge, and home is near,  
As each heart's beat to other's pulse is  
wooded.

We were one away but for foolish fear  
Which cast out love that is beatitude;  
Sweet heaven, blend both of us to make one  
sphere,  
That we may win at last our angelhood.  
—Lettie's Magazine.

## THE RICH WIDOW.

What was the mistake? Why, in plain words, it was for me (me, poor Jack Johnson, with only fifteen hundred dollars a year out of my fagging, toilsome clerkship) not to succeed in marrying Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, as she still liked to call herself—a widow, of course, forty, and with fully forty thousand for her yearly income. That was the mistake.

Oh, Luck, Fate, Fortune! whatever be the name of that mysterious power that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," how I have vituperated, anathematized, scorned you, since that most miserable of events!

But lamentation was wholly useless. I had to bear it. I have been trying to bear it ever since.

I met Mrs. Mackenzie at the Elixir springs during the two final weeks of August. Everybody was rushing to the Elixir springs that year; why, it would need an Oedipus correctly to answer, except that they tasted like eggs whose first freshness is a memory of the past, and that three glasses of their water was enough to demoralize the most well-behaved of livers. I had two weeks of vacation, and followed the general rush to these springs. At first it was rather stupid. Plenty of vulgar, plenty of pretension, and a little refinement. There was no use of my trying to mix with people, however, for I knew nobody, and nobody seemed even to observe the presence of humble me.

At last it happened that I encountered, one morning, upon the piazza of the mammoth hotel, an exceedingly jolly-looking fellow, with an exceedingly ugly-looking girl on his arm.

The jolly-looking fellow and I instantly grasped each other's hand, and showed many mutual signs of being delighted at the meeting.

"My dear Jack!" exclaimed Harry Tallmann, "you're the last person I expected to see. Your bright face does me good. Let me present Mr. Johnson, Euphemia, my old friend, of whom I am sure you have often heard me speak. Jack, this is my sister, Euphemia."

Whereupon Harry disengages himself from the altogether unpleasing Miss Tallmann, who simpers profusely, and looks very much as though she would like to be talked to.

Of course I am compelled to launch myself into a little current of small talk, to which Miss Euphemia makes responses, now and then, that deserve at least to be called amiable. And I have just made the ungratifying discovery that she is about as stupid as she is homely, when I am rapidly called upon to make the second discovery that my brother Harry has rambled away from us.

Well, any society, I philosophically conclude, is better than none. Presently Euphemia and I are strolling up and down the piazza, side by side.

Conversation drags horribly. The ill-favored Euphemia can giggle "Yes," and titter "No," and simper "Do you really think so?" but she isn't capable of doing much else.

I begin to have very rancorous feelings, indeed, toward the absent Harry. Suddenly I am rather surprised to see him in converse, at a short distance from ourselves, with a stately, imposing, stout female, of certainly forty, dressed in a sort of showy second mourning.

The lady wears upon her august aquiline face a look of unconcealed satisfaction; Harry is talking with evident earnestness and volubility.

Euphemia gives a marked giggle, whilst her eyes follow mine. I look interrogative.

"Who is Harry's majestic charmer?" I presently ask.

"Mrs. Mackenzie," I am promptly informed. "Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, she likes to have people call her, I believe."

"Harry seems to be enjoying himself," I state.

Another giggle.

"Yes. They've been quite intimate for several days past."

And now I suddenly recollect that I have not known Mr. Harry Tallmann for the past ten years or so without also knowing some of his pet theories, too.

Among these there is one of a very pronounced character. If ever Mr. Tallmann marries, he has more than once confided to me that he means to marry for money, and (provided he can be so successful) for a great deal of money as well.

"Oh, yes," I immediately make haste to say. "I have heard this Mrs. Mackenzie speak of before now. She is—ahem! rather rich, is she not?"—this last is a somewhat audacious venture—"a widow?"

"Her husband died about two years ago, I think," announces Euphemia, "and everybody agrees in saying that he left her an income of forty thousand dollars a year."

"Indeed!" I try to look wholly uninterested. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then follows more tiresome talk about nothing. At last, I make a daring pause not three feet from where Harry and Mrs. Mackenzie are standing. Then I take the bull by the horns, and address a direct appeal—to phrase it toward Euphemia's common politeness.

"By-the-by, Miss Tallmann, if it isn't too much trouble, will you have the kindness, at some time during the day, to—to present me to this Mrs. Mackenzie? I like her looks extremely."

Amiable Euphemia!

"Why, certainly, Mr. Johnson," is the prompt answer. "I shall be most happy to present you now. I know her quite well."

Harry just saves himself from the impertinence of an out-an-out frown as, a few moments later, he sees me formally presented to his companion.

Mrs. Mackenzie acknowledges the introduction with great graciousness. I strain every nerve to be agreeable, and completely ignore (like the wretch I am) the benevolent Euphemia, who still stands at my side.

Harry is evidently nonplussed at my cool assurance. Presently he finds the concealment of his chagrin altogether too hard a task, and, offering his arm to the complacent, sheep-like Euphemia, moves away with her.

A good hour passes after that, during which I level upon Mrs. Mackenzie the fullest broadsides of affability. It seems to me that the more I exert myself the more gracious she becomes. I have not talked with her ten minutes before I discover that she has one pet fable. She wishes to be thought girlish, and soft-mannered, and gentle; she shudders at the idea of being called masculine or impressive.

Of course I cannot help marveling at her willingness to believe that she could ever, under any circumstances, appear anything except masculine or impressive. But, notwithstanding this firm conviction of mine, I behave like the most hypocritical of catfish, and murmur something to the following mendacious effect:

"Whatever can have made you imagine, Mrs. Mackenzie, that your style was anything of that ridiculous sort? Indeed, where can greater sweetness and womanliness of manner be found, if—"

"Oh, I fear you are a dreadful compliment-monger," she interrupts, with a laugh, doubtless meant to be low and musical, but having, in reality, an Amazonian effect—like everything about the woman.

The next time I see Harry Tallmann, I cannot fail to observe his evident solicitude in the matter of treating me with common civility. Harry has set himself to win the widow, if such a thing is remotely feasible. My sudden successful interference is, no doubt, giving him sensations toward me that are little else than cannibalistic. Never mind; I will persevere. What is Harry Tallmann's personal enmity, when weighed against forty thousand a year?

During the next week or so, we run a nearly even race, Harry and I, in our pursuit of the prosperous Mrs. Mackenzie's preference. Not at the end of that time is the race yet decided, as regards who has proved winner.

Mrs. Mackenzie beams upon me, but she also beams upon Harry. There are moments when I almost feel my pockets bulging with bank-notes, so encouraging are her smiles and words; but hope leaps into such active life only to fade into something much less pronounced; for, to-day, I seem the preferred one—to-morrow, it is Harry.

At last, the period of my departure from Elixir springs has drawn noticeably near. I shall be needed most imperatively by my employers in New York on the first of September, and it is now the twenty-ninth of August. Can nothing be done to conduct—if one might so phrase it—events to an immediate yet telling crisis?

On the evening of the thirtieth I secure Mrs. Mackenzie for a moonlight stroll, and without daring to tread upon the sacred ground of an absolute proposal, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that I positively wallow in sentimentality.

That night I part with her, feeling certain that Harry Tallmann's chance is slim, indeed, compared with my own. Was not her behavior the soul of indulgence when I murmured so and so? Did she not look down and actually simper (in her bungling imitation of girlishness) when I ventured upon thus-and-thus?

Heavens! I am almost fed the wheels of my own carriage rolling beneath me. What an emancipation—what an amelioration—for poor Jack Johnson!

The thirty-first is my final day of effort. On the thirty-first I must either speak, and speak boldly, or for ever after hold my peace. To leave the field in Harry Tallmann's possession, with no decisive understanding between myself and Mrs. Mackenzie, will be openly to court an inevitable defeat.

As a special favor, owing to my approaching departure, I have been able, on the previous night, to engage Mrs. Mackenzie's exclusive companionship for the night following.

And never, as it turns out, was night more propitious for such an occupation as that to which I design dedicating it.

A full moon holds the great unclouded

heaven; a light breeze wanders murmuringly through the silvered foliage; the air has not a touch of chilliness, and yet is fresh as that of some early May evening.

I do it. No matter exactly how it is done, but I do it. There is no doubt at all that I make Mrs. Mackenzie a proposal of marriage.

She accepts me without much humming or hawing, to speak in a business-like way of so hallowed a subject.

After feeling certain that I am unchangeably and irrevocably accepted, I seem to take the rest of that walk on a succession of exceedingly comfortable thrones.

Just before we say good-by that night, for what is to be at least a week of separation (since my business imperatively demands that I shall leave early on the following morning), I ask my new fiancée a tender question regarding some token of remembrance which I propose sending up to her from the city.

"The ring I shall bring myself next Saturday," I softly whisper; "but I want to send you something between now and then. Pray suggest to me what the gift shall be."

An immense affectation of timid bashfulness on the part of my affianced.

"Anything you please," she ripples; "only let it be something quite simple and inexpensive."

Suddenly it crosses my mind that a few days ago she greatly admired a certain shawl worn by a certain very young lady in the hotel—a gossamer-like, voluminous garment, extremely youthful in character.

"Very well," I answer. "I will send you something that you are to wear, and that whilst you wear it, you are to think of me—something that is just suited to your style. I hope that you will have it on, my love, when we next meet."

Oh, unlucky words! I shiver to my very marrow as I recall and write them!

Arriving in town the next day, I immediately make search for a shawl similar to that which Mrs. Mackenzie has admired.

I at last succeed in finding such a shawl, purchase it, and give orders that it shall be sent to my boarding-place.

When I reach home that night, I find the bundle containing the shawl lying on my table. There is also another bundle, at which I glance, and as I do so, I discover that an envelope, addressed to myself, accompanies this latter package.

I open the envelope, and find its contents to be a bill; whereupon I look at the bundle, and mutter, annoyedly:

"Impertinent fellow! He promised to send them the day I started for the Springs. I shall take them now—it's the only way to punish his bad faith."

That night I am so happy that I burn to celebrate my happiness in some fine, convivial way. My friend Peterkins has not yet heard the joyful tidings.

I pay Peterkins a visit, and quietly permit my bombshell of news to explode during our conversation. Poor Peterkins is monstrously amazed. He stares at me with great, saucer-like eyes for a while, and is speechless.

"Let us stroll to Delmonico's," Peterkins, I propose, "and eat some supper."

Whereupon my friend sighs a short, jealous little sigh. My future is to dine and sup at La Delmonico, he is probably thinking, as long as I live; whilst his must be connected with cuisines of a very inferior order. But presently he bursts forth in a very torrent of congratulations, and assures me that I am the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance.

Whilst he gives my hand a congratulatory wring, I make up my mind that we shall sup sumptuously, Peterkins and I. True, I have overdrawn my account more than a little of late; but how can that possibly matter to a man whom forty thousand a year are waiting to bestir?

Indeed, as it turns out, Peterkins and I sup "not wisely, but too well." It is nearly two o'clock when I must record that I stumbled upstairs horribly—be-fogged. "Be-fogged," in the sense in which I employ it, has a gentle originality that I think my least acute readers will not fail to discover.

The next morning I awoke with a frightful headache, and in all the depths of physical (if not precisely moral) wretchedness. But I do not forget that that is to be sent per express to Elixir Springs. Oh, no; I do not forget that. Would to heaven I had forgotten it!

Three days later I am appalled at receiving the following note, which I at once proceed to read:

"ELIXIR SPRINGS, September, 187—. "Sir: Your insult has been received, and is duly appreciated. You will please address any further communication, which you may care about making me, to Mr. Henry Tallmann, a gentleman with whom I have just contracted an engagement of marriage, and whose wife I hope to become in the course of a few weeks. Yours, etc."

KATHARINE MACKENZIE.

For fully five minutes after reading this extraordinary letter, I sit in my room staring at it, turned into stone by sheer amazement.

Presently a horrible light breaks in upon me. I stagger to my closet, and search about for a certain bundle. Where is it? Ah! I have it—here on the top shelf; doubtless it has been put there by the chambermaid, and so forgotten by me.

With quivering fingers I open that bundle, having brought it forth from the closet. And presently I give a great cry, as Mrs. Mackenzie's shawl meets my sight.

I have sent the wrong bundle! What did the other bundle contain? It contained a pair of pantaloons!

Ah, if only I had not taken that bacchanalian supper with Peterkins! That was the cause of it all; or, rather, the headache and bewilderment and wretchedness that followed it the next morning—these were the causes! M. s. Horatio Mackenzie has been Mrs. Harry Tallmann for years and years. I am so horrified by the turn which events have taken, and so convinced that Harry has, all in a moment, as it were, found such an impregnable fortress of defense against me, that I yield to a sense of overwhelming defeat, and resign myself to the dreary realization of having committed—the mistake of my life.

## Blood Curdling Scene.

There is in the northeast corner of the 10th police precinct, New York, a nook dubbed "The Farm." Officer Dakei was put on post there recently for the first time in three years, and the occasion was not allowed to pass unnoticed by about 200 warm admirers. At No. 138 Suffolk street there is a narrow alleyway, and at the neck of this, Officer Dakei, as he turned the corner of Livingston street, after dark, meditatively pacing his post, beheld a great crowd lit up by the fitful glare of a fire somewhere in the alley. Their wild shouts and wilder gestures indicated that they were bent on the destruction of something that had aroused the fiercest passions in them.

A horrible scene burst upon his sight at the corner and froze his blood. From a cross bar hung the limp and apparently lifeless body of a shabbily dressed man. A couple of burrows that seemed to have formed the scaffold had been set on fire under his feet, and the flames were licking the wretched man's feet, occasionally wrapping him in their fiery embrace, as some particularly inhuman fiend stirred the fire with a clothes pole.

With a single kick Officer Dakei sent the burning barrels into the hoisting crowd, and, jumping up, caught the rope above the suspended man's head and clutched it frantically. He tugged in vain. The rope held fast. At his failure, and at each succeeding effort of the policeman to pull down the victim of their fury, the crowd yelled louder.

The officer's hands slid from the rope, but as he slipped he clutched frantically at the man's leg to steady himself. Horror of horrors! the leg came off in his hands. Officer Dakei wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead as he leaned against the wall, the severed limb in his hand. Even the crowd seemed frightened, and kept ominously silent. Slowly and solemnly the officer turned the limb about with his eyes steadily fixed upon the trunk to which it had belonged and from which a tiny stream of sawdust drizzled into the dirt of the alley, and then with a sudden jerk flung it into the crowd, who scattered in every direction in high glee.

An hour later a trail of sawdust might have been followed from one end of Dakei's post to another. Where it ended a heap of limp rags, left there by a band of young marauders, marked the end of what will be known in the 10th ward for years as "Officer Dakei's man."

## The Waning Summer.

It seems but yesterday, only a breath of time, since the pussy willows, earliest harbingers of spring, began to assert their presence in the lowlands and were eagerly gathered by childhood's hand and carried indoors to serve as announcements of the new and budding life which was already breaking the winter's spell. And yet autumn is already hanging out her banners on the trees, not the intensely colored bunting which we shall see on every hand by and by, but here and there a yellow leaf, that is far from beautiful but is exceedingly suggestive. Occasionally one who roams in the woods finds a branch so highly reddened as to put to the blush the autumnal efforts of the most sanguine artist, or if he don't roam the woods he will meet the same thing on a railroad train—in the hands of some sentimental young woman. The very sunshine of these days has a fierceness about it that suggests its waning power, just as some old people are apt to do when they try to appear young. But when that sun is setting how indescribably beautiful are the brilliant clouds which linger in its wake!—Springfield, Republican.

## Difference of Opinion.

A popular minister recently spent the night thirty miles below America with a backwoodsman, whose house consisted of only two rooms. The family, however, consisted of twenty-one, though owing to a dance in the neighborhood only seventeen of the children were at home. The minister spent the night with the farmer and seven sons in one room, while the old lady and ten daughters occupied the other. In the morning a junior member of the family, in response to an application for a wash-bowl, brought an old tin pan, and after the face toilet was complete, hunted up about seven teeth of an old tucking comb for him to arrange his hair with.

During the progress of this important ceremony, the following conversation between the two took place: "Mister, do you wash every mornin'?"

"I do."

"And comb your hair too?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't it look to you sometimes like you is a heap of trouble to yourself?"—Macon, Ga., Telegraph.

## INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

A bullock, when slaughtered, yields about fifty pounds of blood, which, for fertilizing purposes, is worth twenty-five cents.

At Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, an auction sale of ghorhorn cattle came off lately. Sixty-five head of cattle were sold at an average of \$333 per head.

The last thing to be done before going to bed is to go out to the barn and give a good look at the cattle and horses, and they will be likely to have a good look in the morning.

By proper management two litters of pigs may be obtained from the same sow in a year, and with considerable profit. It is frequently an advantage to have pigs come in August, as they can then be ready as small pork for the holidays. Above all, keep the pens neat and clean.

It is believed by many beekeepers that rye meal is the best possible substitute for bee-bread, when the latter is not in full supply. The meal should be put in shallow boxes near the apiary, and a few pieces of comb near it will attract the attention of the bees. This food causes the swarms to be larger and earlier than any other.

E. Von Wolf and others cut grass three times in the early summer, in the years 1874 and 1877; the first cutting took place about the middle of May, the second at the beginning and the third at the end of June. The second cutting appeared to give the best results in the case of animals experimented upon, namely, sheep and horses; and as a rule, it was found that more nitrogenous matter was excreted by the latter than by the former.

Many persons now keeping bees receive no profit or benefit. Beekeeping, when properly managed, is a remunerative business, and is especially adapted to men who have become debilitated or are advanced in life, and ladies who are dependent on their labor for their support. It is an easy vocation and within the ability of invalids. Many who are not sufficiently strong and healthy to perform hard labor can attend to an apiary, there being but little labor required after they are once put into proper condition.

In June last the Department of agriculture was informed by Dr. Lyman, its veterinary agent in England, that American western cattle affected with apthous fever, otherwise the foot and mouth disease, were arriving from Boston at Liverpool. Commissioner Le Duc made inquiries among western cattle breeders respecting the matter. Replies so far disclose the existence of the dreaded fever in Kansas as well as generally throughout the south, especially in Alabama. The plague is evidenced by eruptions on the feet and mouth of cattle, swine and sheep, and is contagious, even affecting man.

Late-cut hay, ordinary straw, and other coarse fodders are unquestionably improved by cooking, as it softens the woody fiber, and dissolves portions of the starch; and cornmeal and other foods rich in starch are also improved by cooking. But in considering the question of economy, it is easy to see that, although it will pay on a large scale, it is not likely to do so for a few animals, for it costs nearly as much to cook for ten as for fifty head of cattle. Grinding renders all our cereal grains more digestible, by reducing the size of the particles to be saturated and digested by the gastric juice, and hence many of them pass cattle undigested. When corn is ground it should be mixed with coarse fodder, so as to prevent its adhering in a mass to the stomach, and to insure its remastication and insalivation.

A farmer asked an expert in butter-making: "Will an ounce of salt, added to one pound of butter, increase the weight to seventeen ounces?" The expert replied: "I have tried this experiment frequently, and never found an increase nearly equivalent to the weight of salt added, and have sometimes even found a decrease. Weigh the butter after the first working, then weigh the salt, and after it has stood twelve hours you will find a quantity of water has left the butter, and in working a second time the water will be worked out. Weigh again, and it will be found to have lost water about equal to the salt added. I have asked this question of a great many butter makers, and have found only a few who had ever taken the salt was applied, but those who have are all of the opinion that the addition of salt does not increase the weight of merchantable butter."

## Apples.

There are few greater treats during the winter and early spring seasons, than the magnificent apples which are imported from America to find their places on the dessert table in England. Considerable numbers, however, arrive here in a bruised condition from the effects of careless packing; a certain amount of fermentation is set up, and unless they are consumed without delay they are lost to the dessert table. This is more frequently the case when barrels of the so-called "Newton Pippins" and others have been exported by private individuals to their friends in England than when they are packed by the regular tradesmen. There is no reason why this splendid fruit should not be imported here almost as fresh and blooming as when it is gathered from the tree. A common but soft kind of tissue paper

should envelop each apple before it is placed in the cask, and this tissue paper should have been soaked in a solution of salicylic acid and dried before it is used. The best preparation of salicylic acid for this purpose is the alcoholic solution, made with the strongest spirit, and then diluted with as much water as it will bear without precipitating the acid, so as to make the solution go as far as possible. Each apple should be enveloped in at least three or four folds of the salicylated paper, and every possible precaution should be taken to prevent bruising when loading into the casks or cases. Well packed apples should not move at all during the voyage, and the shaking of a railway train should have little effect upon them. Nevertheless, a certain amount of confusion is inevitable, and to avoid the ulterior results of this the salicylated paper is indispensable. As to the cost, it would be a mere trifle when we consider the result gained and the splendid condition of the fruit when it enters the London market. Besides it is very probable that salicylic acid paper used for packing the apples in America might be used over again, or applied in England to some similar antiseptic purpose, and an allowance made for it accordingly.—London Magazine.

## Traveling in the Alps.

After dinner we started on the Simplicon road for Italy, in a curious carriage, half coach and half diligence. There were four horses the first part of the way, afterward three. Behind these sat the driver, and behind him were two seats higher up, with a sort of chaise box for protection against the sun and rain. Then came the four inside seats, and last of all a large rack for trunks. Underneath the body of the carriage was a good-sized box for small luggage. An honest, broad-faced, Swiss stable boy sat with the driver, to carry back the extra horse when he should be no longer needed. Up we went, through the narrow, roughly-paved streets, scattering foot passengers right and left with a terrific explosion of whip cracks. A Swiss driver will crack his long whip on the slightest provocation. If there is a chance of an echo from the whitewashed walls beside the road, if a laborer looks up from his work in the field near by, if a hen pauses in the middle of the road to reflect—as it is the nature of her kind to do—the lash whirles through the air and calls out so sharply that even the sober old loaders, who must be used to it, jump in spite of themselves.

After the village was once left fairly behind, the road rose up rapidly with an even grade of one in thirteen, until we came to the first refuge. There are fifteen or twenty of these buildings stationed at intervals along the road, for travelers in time of need. They are small stone huts, occupied by country people of uncouth look and tone. All the peasantry hereabouts speak a sort of German patois, in which they converse cheerfully. It sounds to me like the remarks of a peculiarly exasperated turkey. After a few minutes' rest for the horses we drove on. The road soon made a sharp turn round a thickly-wooded spur, and from that time until the journey's end ran along close beside the edge of depths so great that tall fir growing at the bottom looked like the little shiny trees with which children stock their toy farmyards. Still higher and higher the road, now clinging to the face of the rock, now leaping catenars, still rising, until one after another of the refuges have been passed, and patches of snow begin to appear among the flowers. At one spot we stopped near a huge drift and made some snow-balls. "Here," says the driver quietly, "is the worst place on the road for avalanches. A short time ago several people perished here, in the winter."

The rocks overhead seem to be set like a trap for the human mice that creep so slowly past them. "Look (the driver again, pointing with his whiphandle to a heap of enormous boulders beside the road), they fell three days ago." In a few minutes more we pass into a stone gallery, or tunnel, and behind a large waterfall, looking out through the white foam we ride past an opening in the rock.—Cor. Boston Traveller.

## The British in Afghanistan.

The Afghans have surrounded Candahar and are throwing up earthworks. They are numerous, well supplied with guns, and seem to be directed by several apparently European officers, probably Russians. Some skirmishes between them and the English garrison have occurred. Gen. Burrough's defeat is to be investigated by the English government. Gen. Roberts is moving from Kabul to the relief of Candahar, but the movement is regarded by many, and with some reason, as unwise. If Ayoub Khan retires from Candahar towards Herat the British will either have to let him go unpunished, or follow him, in order to fight him, with the certainty of getting away from their supplies and the grave risk of being attacked by overwhelming numbers. Ayoub is believed to be in league with Russia, to some extent, and the English are not sure that Abdurrahman Khan, whom they have just recognized as Amir of Kabul, is not also. It is probable that Ayoub's forces will scatter as soon as the English draw near, but upon any good opportunity they will rally and attack. They no longer believe in the inevitable victory of the English, and are implacable foes. Sooner or later the English will have to evacuate their country and leave them to govern themselves.

## The Baby.

They tell me I was born a long  
Three months ago,  
But whether they are right or wrong  
I hardly know.  
I sleep, I smile, I can not crawl,  
But I can cry.  
At present I am rather small—  
A babe am I.  
The changing lights of sun and shade  
Are baby toys;  
The flowers and birds are not afraid  
Of baby-boys.  
Some day I'll wish that I could be  
A bird and fly;  
At present I can't wish—you see  
A babe am I.—Harper's Weekly.

## LAUGH RAISERS.

Little Johnny: "Mamma, can I give Carlo this lump of sugar?" "No, my child, it spoils the teeth; eat it yourself."

A man in Maine fasted 43 days and died. His tombstone bears the touching inscription: "He was a man of great forty-two's."

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of beef. Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

A Cincinnati child tied craps to the door-knob to see if the crutings would come to take them out riding, as they did the family across the street.

Very concise verdict of a coroner's jury in Idaho, and racy of the soil: "We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Wallings a liar."

In a barber-shop. Barber—"De Spaniards has been firin' into us under one of our ships." Victim—"Did they sink it?" "No, sah!" "Then I suppose it does no good to wish you were on board?"

There are many unpleasant things in this vale of tears, but a collar with a button-hole large enough to stick your head through will cause you about as much trouble as the rest of them.

At a social reunion, a few evenings ago the question was asked, "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered "A prickly pair" got the medal.

A man who was suffering from a boil on his face pettishly exclaimed, "I wish I knew the best place to have a boil!" To which his little girl responded, "Why, papa, the tea-kettle is the best place for a boil."

"What are you holding your hands over the stove in that way for? The weather isn't cold," said a father to his son; who answered: "I ain't trying to heat the weather, pa; I'm warming my hands."

"Ma'am 'is an awful thing a play to read," a nervous author to an actress said; "What can be worse?" "Nothing, dear sir, indeed, But to be forced to sit and hear it read."

When the census-taker, wishing to compliment, said to a citizen, "Ah, sir, you're a wife of a hundred!" the lady grabbed a rolling-pin and sailed in on him, saying: "You villain! I told you I was only twenty-five. Don't you dare to put it down as one hundred!"

A lecturer was explaining to little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

Awit, speaking of an unpopular author, said he was color-blind. "How so?" "What proof have you got of it?" asked a friend. "He always thinks his literary productions are read, when everybody else knows they are not," was the reply.

A young and beautiful Philadelphia maiden was rapidly sinking with the lockjaw when her physician conceived the happy thought of holding a spoonful of ice cream to her lips. The moment he did so she opened her jaws and shrieked, "Don't give me a little plate; make it a big one!"

Two Vassar college girls were on their way home over the Albany and Susquehanna railroad the other day. "My land!" yelled the brakeman, as the train pulled up at a station. "What did he say?" asked one of the girls. "Marry-land," replied the other. "Oh, let's get out!" exclaimed the first with sudden interest. But they were too late; the train had started.

## Population of the Cities.

HOW THE CENSUS MAN FIGURES IT OUT.

	1880.	1870.
New York,	1,309,651	942,292







C. H. KIMBALL,  
Editor and Proprietor.

S. H. Robie, Manager.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1880.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Get our prices for job printing.  
A portion of Hodgdon's mill is being shingled.  
Summer travel is beginning to turn homeward.

F. B. Wilson has returned from the Senter House.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Cowing, of Whitefield, have been visiting here.

Commencing with this week, the Eagle will hereafter be published on Saturday.

David Gilman had his hand badly injured this week while unloading stones at the depot.

The Belknap County Agricultural Fair is to be held at Laconia, Sept. 21, 22 and 23.

Examine the useful articles on the Five and Ten Cent counters at Bickford & Roberts.

Miss Mary R. True, dressmaker, will return on Monday of next week to Brown's millinery store.

Jesse Blake has commenced the erection of a stable 32x28 for the accommodation of Edwin Cox.

Meredith was well represented at the Weirs, Wednesday. 555 tickets were sold for the first train in the morning.

Mr. Harry E. Cox, once a student in the High School and well known to most of our citizens, has been stopping in this vicinity.

We hope to be able in a few weeks to give our readers a more attractive looking sheet than heretofore. It will be printed on a cylinder press, which cannot fail of making an improvement.

The improvements made by S. A. Ladd, Esq., are nearly completed and we noticed the thoroughness with which the work had been done, reflecting credit upon the workman, H. S. Dustin.

The grand concert and hop in Town Hall, Friday evening of last week proved to be an enjoyable affair, being under the auspices of Dustin & Colby's orchestra, which is a sufficient guarantee of its success.

The fall term of the Meredith Village High school commenced Monday with Mr. Fred McIntire as principal. Mrs. Cora Cram will have charge of the Intermediate department and Miss Emma Cox, the Primary, as last year.

Prof. Shepard, the colored vocalist and guitarist, did a thriving business at the Weirs this week, selling his comic and sentimental songs. Among them we noticed one entitled "Comrades, Now the War is Over," which was composed by him.

A full set of seven wall maps has recently been presented to the Meredith Centre school district through the generosity of Mr. William H. Pitman. This is the only district in town that possesses a full set of maps; even the High School in this enterprising village of ours does not have anything of the kind.

One of the neatest and most attractive looking offices we have seen for some time is that of the Twist Drill Co., it having been recently fitted up in good style. On the walls we noticed several diplomas awarded them in this country and in Europe, one bearing the signature of Horace Greeley.

A young French fellow by the name of Joseph E. Bedor, was arraigned, Friday morning, before the police justice, for stealing clothing from W. J. Tuttle, and sent to jail for 30 days. Several clothes lines have suffered at the hands of some one within a few weeks, and this young Bedor is undoubtedly the thief.

"A bad ship" or a "bad excuse is better than none," but it is needs as to put up with a bad ship when anyone can get better than the best in use, from any of the stationers and dealers.

An Established Remedy. **Dobbin's** Electric has been widely known and used as a household remedy for fifty years. No other such medicine has stood the test half the length of time. The people stand by that which is good.

**Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters** Are purely vegetable—the product of the hills and valleys.

The medicines of **DUNN & CO.** are unexcelled for elegance, purity, and reliability. Their Seditious Salitins Powders, are as pleasant as Lemonade. Their Soft Capsules are world famous. See Advt. for sale by G. S. Bartlett, Plymouth.

If not above being taught by man, use **Dobbin's** Electric Soap next wash day. Use without any wash bottle or rubbing board, and use differently from any other soap ever made. It seems very droll to think of a quiet, orderly three hours light work on wash day, with no heat and no steam, or smell of the washing through the house, instead of a long day's hard work, but hundreds of thousands of women from Nova Scotia to Texas have proved for themselves that this is done by using **Dobbin's** Electric Soap. Don't buy it, however, if you set in your ways to use it according to directions, that are as simple as to seem almost ridiculous and so easy that a girl of twelve years can do a large wash without help. It is positively will not injure the finest fabric, has been before the public for fifteen years, and is a safe disinfectant every year. If your grocer has not got it, he will get it, as all wholesale grocers keep it.  
L. L. CHASE & CO., Philadelphia.



IS STRONGLY ENDORSED.

For over ten years I have been a great sufferer from pain in the back and the kidneys, which was most excruciating and at times almost insupportable. I was finally advised to seek the aid of my friends, and I was advised to use the **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD**. I have used it for some time, and I can say that it has cured me of my ailment, and I can now do my usual work without any pain. I am truly grateful to the **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** for its cure. I am truly grateful to the **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** for its cure. I am truly grateful to the **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** for its cure.

**CHAS. DAVIS, 124 Myrtle Street, Boston** has now used **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** thirty days, and it has done me more good than any remedy I have ever tried.

**CHARLES WITZEL, Policeman, Lancaster, Pa.**—I have been a great sufferer from kidney complaint, and after wearing your **KIDNEY PAD** 25 days I feel better than I have in 10 years.

**DR. A. J. STONER, Dentist, Ill.**—Your **KIDNEY PAD** is a great remedy. It cures every day and gives universal satisfaction.

For sale by drug lists, or sent by mail (free of postage) to the **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** Co., 124 Myrtle Street, Boston. Write for a copy of this new discovery, and a large record of most remarkable cures, and free. Write for it.

**CAUTION.**—Do not buy any other **KIDNEY PAD** than the one which is marked with the name of **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** and the name of **DR. F. L. MASON'S KIDNEY PAD** Co., 124 Myrtle Street, Boston.

**REO. C. GOODWIN & CO. GEN. AGENTS, BOSTON.**

Marked Down

Again for ten days, at the store of

**A. R. AYERS.**

Lowell Extra Supers, 90 to 95 cts.

Tapestry Brussels, \$1. to \$1.10.

Best Gift Paper Hangings at about half price, and all low grades at jobbing prices.

CURTAINS.

MATTINGS,

HOLLANDS,

OIL CLOTHS,

CROCKERY,

& DRY GOODS

AT LOWEST PRICES TO MAKE ROOM FOR

FALL STOCK

Now arriving, and which will be unequalled in the state for quality, variety and price.

COME AND SEE.

A. R. AYERS, Concord, N. H.

READ

WHAT THE

**EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE**

Has to Offer!

We have marked our entire stock of Spring and Summer Goods to

**SELL AT COST!**

Having a large stock on hand and wanting the room for our

WINTER GOODS,

We are offering BARGAINS never before heard of.

NOW IS YOUR TIME

To secure the GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

All Wool Suits, \$8. to \$18. Former prices \$12. to \$22.

Pants from 75 cents to \$5. Former prices \$1.25 to \$6.50.

Do not fail to call and see for yourselves.

**EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE,**

CONCORD, N. H.

T. E. TUCKER & CO., Prop'rs.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Makes the Weak Strong, Builds up the Broken-down, Invigorates the Brain, and

**CURES**

Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhea, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and

ALL DISEASES ORIGINATING IN A BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR ACCOMPANIED BY DEBILITY OR A LOW STATE OF THE SYSTEM.

PERUVIAN SYRUP

Supplies the blood with its Vital Principle, or Life Element, IRON, Infusing Strength, Vigor and New Life into all parts of the system. BEING FREE FROM ALCOHOL, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent.

SETH W. WOLFSON & SONS, Proprietors, 86

Marine Avenue, Boston. Sold by all Druggists.

**DR. F. L. MASON,**  
Dealer in  
**DRUGS AND MEDICINES,**  
Chemicals, Jewelry and Silver Ware  
of all kinds, Fancy Goods, Toys,  
Books, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, &c.

Dr. Mason having had nearly 20 years' experience as a regular practitioner, and having passed a full-factory examination before the Commissioners of Pharmacy, will pay personal attention to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.

COR. MAIN AND WATER STS.

**MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H.**

LAONIA

**BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**

**J. T. WEEKS & Co.,**

55 Main Street,

(Successors to Otis Beaman). Keep a full line of

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hats & Caps,

Shoe Tools, Shoe Findings,

Stationery, &c., &c.

Our Motto:

"GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES,"

25m. WILL WIN ANYHOW.

**Robinson & Son,**

Manufacturers and Dealers in

**SUPERIOR**

**CABINET**

**Organs**

Our organ cases are all made from Solid Black Walnut or other woods as may be desired, and thoroughly seasoned, and will stand any test that wood is capable of. In the construction of these organs we use nothing but the very best materials obtainable.

**PRICES FROM \$75 AND UPWARDS.**

WE ARE MAKING A GOOD

**SUBSTANTIAL ORGAN**

with 2 full sets of reeds and tremolo for the unprecedented

**Low Price of**

**\$75.**

All instruments are warranted for SIX YEARS.

Having had many years' experience at Piano-forte making we feel confident that we can offer work second to no other manufacturers in this or any other State in the country.

Organs Constantly on Hand or Built to Order.

containing any number of combination of stops. Buyers of organs will readily perceive the great advantage in having their organ constructed under their own supervision, and purchasing at first hand, thereby saving agents' commissions.

We are also manufacturers for

**RETAIL ONLY**

**Superior Walnut**

And other

EXTENSION TABLES

OF SPLENDID FINISH

Which we are offering at Jobbers' Prices.

Our tables are all made firm, and designed to stand the solid wear of every day use.

Please send for circular and price list.

WHAT HAPPENED TO

**MR. JOSEPH BEACH.**

Stones in the Kidney expelled after using **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S "FAVORITE REMEDY"** about two weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public, is that of **MR. J. S. BEACH** of Stoneham, Me., who has suffered since October 1877, from the presence of Calculus or stones in the right kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S "FAVORITE REMEDY"**—a remedy which had been recommended to him by those who may be suffering from difficulties of the Kidney and Bladder, or any disorder arising from an impure state of the blood. The "Favorite Remedy" sold by all druggists. The Doctor's only address, is Houghton, New York.

PERFECTLY SAFE IN THE MOST INEXPERIENCED HANDS!

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, AND ALL THOSE NUMEROUS TROUBLES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS SO PREVALENT AT THIS SEASON.

No Remedy known to the Medical Profession has been in use so long and with such uniformly satisfactory results as

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER**

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world in the treatment of these difficulties, that it has come to be considered

**AN UNFAILING CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS**

and much it really is when taken in time and according to the very plain directions included in each bottle.

In such diseases, the attack is usually sudden and frequently very acute; but with a safe remedy at hand for immediate use, there is serious danger of the fatal result which so often follows a few days' neglect.

The inclination to wait until the morrow does not bring a better feeling, not infrequently occasions a vast amount of needless suffering, and sometimes costs a life. A timely dose of **Pain Killer** will almost invariably save both, and with them the attendant doctors fee.

It has stood the test of forty years' constant use in all climates and climates, and is perfectly safe in any person's hands.

It is recommended by the names in Hospitals, and persons of all classes and professions who have had opportunity for observing the wonderful results which have always followed its use.

THE BEST EVIDENCE:

MEANS, **PERRY DAVIS & SON:**

I know you need no testimonial to convince you that your medicine is all that you claim for it, but cannot refrain the impulse to commend it to you the fact that in my family it has truly done wonders.

I administer it to my children (one eighteen months, and the other three years old) with perfect success. It regulates their bowels, and stops all diarrhoea, and the other three years old with perfect success. It regulates their bowels, and stops all diarrhoea, and the other three years old with perfect success.

I use it myself and will never be without it. I feel that I am under such obligation to you, in many times being relieved from pain, I can say truly yours.

**F. E. BERNHARDT, Galena, Illinois.**

No family can afford to be without it. Its price brings it within the reach of all. The use of one bottle will go further to convince you of its merits than columns of newspaper advertising. Try it, and you will never do without it.

You can obtain it at any drug-store or from **PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.**

**DR. J. A. SHERMAN**

251 Broadway, Cor. Murray St., N. Y., and 43 Milk St., Boston.

Beware of certain cold-lance men and impostors who represent themselves as Dr. Sherman.

No man is so foolish as to believe that a Rupture, no matter how insignificant he may consider it, for every man who has died from it once shattered himself that it was but a trifling ailment; and every man who has suffered from it and the injury of trustees, to such an extent that life has no enjoyment, even regarded as a worldly special attention. It is not a standstill ailment; it is steadily progressive, even to death, and he is also who takes the necessary steps to be ultimately relieved of it before the day of suffering and gloom comes upon him.

Patients from abroad can receive treatment and leave for home same day. During treatment any kind of active exercise or labor can be performed without hindrance to the treatment, and with a few days' rest the danger of it, regulated Rupture, **DR. J. A. SHERMAN** gives the most reliable proofs from distinguished professional gentlemen, clergymen, and merchants of his successful practice and popularity throughout this country and the West Indies. The afflicted should read it and inform their wives.

It is illustrated with photographs of thousands of extremely bad cases before and after cure, and mailed to those who can't come. In consequence of the great demand for Dr. Sherman's personal services, he will fill further notice, divide his time between his New York and Boston offices as follows: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday he may be consulted at his New York office, and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at his Boston office, each week. Remember, in writing or calling, the address is

**DR. J. A. SHERMAN**

251 Broadway, Cor. Murray St., N. Y., and 43 Milk St., Boston.

Beware of certain cold-lance men and impostors who represent themselves as Dr. Sherman.

ALL THE RAGE!

THE SPLENDID STOCK OF

**Carpetings,**

**Paper Hangings,**

WINDOW SHADES, PLAIN AND FANCY MATTINGS, CROCKERY AND SILVER WARE, WHICH

**J. M. STEWART & SON,**

(Successors to J. W. Stearns),

Main St., opp. State House, Concord,

Are now offering at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. Every article just what it is claimed to be or no sale. WE CAN AND WILL ship goods on orders to any part of the State, promptly and as well as if ordered in person.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed in every Particular!**

If you are in need of any article in our line, come and see us before buying elsewhere. Make no account of our fare or express charged, it can be saved, (and a pleasant trip to the State Capital thrown in), by buying wisely and well. Remember these terms can be had only at

**J. M. STEWART & SON'S,**

Main St., opposite State House,

Concord, N. H.

TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

**F. M. BOARDMAN,**

Manufacturer of all kinds of

GRANITE WORK,

—AND DEALER IN MARBLE.

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, Urns, Bases, Sockets, Inclosures for

lots, Steps and Buttresses, Caps and Sills, Stepping Stones, Underpinning and every variety of Granite, from the rough stock to the most elaborate hammered or polished work for Monumental or Building purposes.

MARBLE.

I have on hand an extensive collection of photographic designs obtained from one of the largest Marble firms in New England, therefore the widest range in selection is afforded, from which the purchaser will be sure to find something that will please in both style and price.

Being located near the railroad, my facilities for shipping are of the best, which fact enables me to furnish any description of work at the lowest possible rate.

Information, designs, estimates, &c., cheerfully furnished by mail or otherwise.

Address all communications to—

**F. M. BOARDMAN,**

LAONIA, N. H.

Works

Near Cook's Lumber Yard.

NEWMAN'S COUGH CURATIVE

This is a warranted remedy for all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest,—such as Croup, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints. It gives relief to those suffering from Asthma and in advanced stages of Consumption. It never dries up or tightens a cough, but loosens the accumulated phlegm, which can be easily brought off, and the air passages to the lungs are brought into a healthy condition. It is free from all injurious substances, and is safe and reliable at all times. The ingredients combined in this Curative are the most valuable among the vegetable remedies, and those most extensively used by physicians. We claim its superiority in the process of extracting and combining their virtues. The benefit received from its first dose will convince you it has great virtues, and we feel assured you will pronounce it as have hundreds of others.—THE BEST COUGH PREPARATION MADE. Sample bottles, 10 cents regular size, 25 cents. Prepared by **C. T. NEWMAN,** MANCHESTER, N. H.

**FLOUR**

Keeps the Best

Bread Flour made in

the country, and

**WASHBURN'S SUPERLATIVE**

is the brand.

He also keeps the

finest brands of St.

Louis, such as the

**Calla**

**Lily**

—AND—

**MORSE MILLS.**

If you want a barrel, call and buy one.

Sold Cheap for Cash.

**B. F. ST. CLAIR,**

Town Hall,

Plymouth, N. H.



## NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

### Maine.

A newly-married couple of Portland were at a neighboring island the other day, when the husband forgot to bring along the necessary provisions. The bride fired a revolver at him, and he ran away and has not been seen since.

A big fall run is what the Auburn shoe factories are having. The volume of business now being done by the makers of heavy goods is nearly 75 per cent. larger than the business in the corresponding season of last year. The run came later this year, but it manifestly had a greater load.

A thief raided a Standish farm the other day and drove off a pair of fat cattle, which he marketed at Westbrook for \$200 and cleared out.

Miss Alice W. Harlow of Augusta, a recent *Yassar* graduate, accepted the professorship of Latin and Greek at Monticello academy, Guilford, N. H.

The Canadian and West agent company will do no business this fall, turning over its contracts for boots to the Portland company.

Ex-Gov. Abner Coburn is building a three-story wooden mill at Shawabogue, which will use up 1,000,000 feet of lumber.

A Boston man has bonded the Sedgeford farm on Windham pond, and proposes to build a hotel there next summer.

### New Hampshire.

Several Rockingham county tax-payers have sued the town selectmen for the tax assessed on money deposited in savings banks outside the state, the courts having decided such assessment illegal.

A prize fight was nipped in the bud recently at Fitchburg.

The fourth annual reunion of the veterans of the state will be held at Wells through the week beginning the 30th. The 15th reunion of the 12th regiment will be held at Laguna September 17.

Peter J. Frye, of Boston, offers to be one of 20 to raise an additional endowment of \$100,000 for the Massachusetts academy, of which he is an alumnus.

George S. Gatham of Epping, was found dead in the stable of E. L. Chapman, a few mornings ago. His body was covered with blood, and blood was found in the rear of Chapman's stable, a few feet from the stable door. The cause of death was a bullet wound in the head.

John S. Dargun, the oldest male inhabitant of Concord, died recently, aged 92 years. He was a native of Connecticut.

Pliny Mrs. Betty Dugan, of Pittsfield, recently chased an itinerant quack with a pistol and made him bring back the money he had grabbed from a table in her house.

A number of Seton delegates attended the Free Will Baptist quarterly meeting at Sugar Hill (East Windsor) recently, and stopped at George S. Dargun's house. All those who took breakfast there have since shown signs of unusual poisoning. Mr. Dargun being probably fatally and four others seriously affected. The poison is said to have come from potatoes upon whose vines Paris green was used to kill bugs.

### Vermont.

Gen. Woodford was going through the railroad shops at St. Albans the other day, and said: "I never had a boy to give my name to; I wonder if I shall ever see it on a locomotive." Gov. Smith said at once gave directions to have a new locomotive named Gen. Woodford.

Over river at Middlebury and Vergennes was recently lower than the oldest inhabitant ever saw it before, and the Vergennes water works are unable to obtain from it a full supply.

About 17 miles from Rutland a mine of French chalk has been discovered.

Because he was short in his collections, Lawrence Hackett, the tax-collector of Hartland, has been arrested.

An Eden woman, the youngest of whose five children is but nine years old, has this season yielded the sap from nearly 200 maple trees, and a side-hill plot to grow eight acres of ground, helped plant the seed, loaded all the hay, done her part of the reaping and made the butter from nine cows.

Charles Goodrich, of Vergennes, 16 years old, is dead, it is thought, of poisoning caused by swallowing pure arsenic.

Rev. L. A. Austin, formerly principal of Barre and Burton academy at Manchester, has accepted the Latin professorship at Middlebury college.

The Vermont spiritualists meet at the Mt. Mansfield House, Stowe, September 17, 18 and 19.

Daniel Gads, a farmer at Stafford, aged about 65, committed suicide by hanging recently, from dependency on account of financial troubles.

George W. Jones, suspected of burning John A. Combs's barn at Benson, is held in \$1,000 for the September term of the county court.

Montpelier has a fire-log, four incendiary fires being discovered in one evening recently, all carefully set with shavings and kerosene.

### Massachusetts.

A fire in the Charlestown navy yard recently did \$700,000 damage before it was extinguished.

In the latter part of September the Massachusetts consistory, F. and A. M., will entertain in Boston the members of the 22d and 23d degrees from other states.

The American humane association has donated \$5000 with Kahler, Penfold & Co., of Boston, to be awarded to the inventor of an improved cattle car, which shall meet the conditions stated in a circular issued from the headquarters of the association at Chicago.

The New England granite company has been awarded the contract for the granite steps of a confederate soldier for the monument to be erected in Frederick, Md.

Gen. Grant will visit Boston October 6.

Boston will be called on for \$50,000 to pay or the 35th anniversary.

Over 1000 pieces of baggage are handled every day at Springfield.

While insane, Mrs. Heston S. Corbett, an aged widow living at New Bedford committed suicide recently.

A party of thirty-five men from South Boston have settled in Wheeler county, Neb., and named their village Boston. They have purchased 2,000 acres of land, and have large tracts of land, and are reported to be well established. Their wives and families will join them this fall.

The southern Berkshire manufacturers are beginning to complain of low water, the Housatonic river being nearly down to the point which it reached three years ago, when a small dam had to be put in to keep the water up.

An Old Colony express recently threw the three-year-old child of John Hastings from the truck in Woburn, but the little thing escaped with but a few bruises.

Beale, Webster & Co., of Holyoke, have sold the North Monmouth wooden mills to John F. Henry, of Vermilion, Conn., for \$40,000.

Daniel Ennis, of Taunton, claims to have been cured of palsy by the use of a device, caused by a heavy truck falling on him nine months ago, by a visit to the famous Irish chapel of Knock. Ennis mixed cement from the chapel walls with holy water, and his cure was long deferred, and finally took place one night while he slept.

Miss Parker, of Gloucester, a maiden worth \$20,000, became engaged to John Field, head waiter at an Ottawa (Ont.) hotel, and offered him her hand and fortune, which he accepted. Their happiness seemed complete, but it was not long before the girl was dead, and her husband was left a widower.

The old Catholic church at Melway was razed off lately, 75 tickets being sold at \$4, and Rev. R. J. Quinn was the winner.

The old-fashioned child and fever is becoming more prevalent in Holyoke. It has been spreading toward the north for years, and doctors say, having been common in Connecticut.

Haver's First Congregational church is trying to buy a chandelier by offering a prize to the child making the largest collection of old papers for sale.

Schute cured and sold 5,000 barrels of wood worth \$20,000, last year, and Daniel Webster's old yacht Laying's side constant employment in the business.

Holyoke is to have another paper mill.

The incendiary fires of Boston in buildings occupied for business purposes, continue to increase.

James Wilson, a prominent Old Colony horse

dropped dead Friday of heart disease, said to have been brought about by his son's recent conviction as a common drunkard.

An association has bought over 2,000 acres of the brush and burnt woodland in Sandwich, on Cape Cod, and has cleared off and stock it with sheep. Buildings are going up for winter shelter.

Rev. S. P. Everett, who resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Coleraine recently, has been elected a settler at the Baptist church at South Hampton, N. H.

### Connecticut.

Nine Chinese students are to be sent back to the Plover Kingdom by Woe, the commissioner at Hartford, for various offenses. One, T. C. Chung, a graduate of the Norwich free school, has been expelled for cutting off his hair.

Old Mr. Jones and "Granny" Jones have died at Noroton, the woman aged 103. They were buried without a word of prayer in rude coffins, "Granny" in one made for her forty years ago, when she was thought to be dead.

William A. Buckington, a Milford boy, saw a mail-bag fall from a train near that place, and laboriously carried the bag to the depot. Postmaster General Key has written an autograph letter of commendation to him, and set of a copy of government stamp as a memento of respect. The stamp is worth \$600.

A Hartford woman has a sword cane used by Napoleon. It was given at the burning of Moscow to a person who gave it to a relative of the present owner.

Albert Perry's farm at Barkhamsted has a singular variety of trees, a hick, maple and hemlock all growing together at the mill, and apparently springing from the same roots.

James Ward, of Southbury, Mass., a New York and New England brakeman, was found on his car at Putnam recently, killed by a bridge.

Stonington fishermen are netting \$1500 a day.

An old horse which had long hauled cars on a railroad track before a moving train in New Haven the other day, and the train had to be stopped, and two men held the horse before it could go on.

Rev. Frank L. Norton, formerly of Norwich, is called to be a rector of St. John's church at New Britain, Conn., October 12.

Rockville christians going to New York and New England Sunday excursion train, while the noise of Sunday train-traveling is often heard in their churches.

The American missionary association opens its annual meeting at Norwich, October 12.

Standford's police court, while trying some liquor cases the other day, was disturbed with rattle eggs and fire-crackers.

The tobacco crop in the Shepley valley is less than in any other section. It is the important crop of that section, Roxbury getting \$40,000 for last year's crop, or more money from it than from any other crop combined.

C. N. Chapman, who was recently baptized at the Danielsonville Episcopal church in a dream 115 years old.

A gentleman Norwich lawyer who shared in the \$100,000 fees carved out of the Webb estate, has returned half of his share to one of the heirs.

Rev. Mr. Pratt, of North Cornwall, accepts a call to the Congregational church at Higganville.

### GENERAL NEWS.

A severe earthquake visited Havana recently. The services have ordered 100,000 rifles from the United States.

Because her parents stopped a correspondence with a young man, whose acquaintance she had formed at a summer resort, Leonora Stetson, 19 years old, of Concord, Mass., N. J., recently committed suicide by hanging.

Just after daybreak recently, five robbers boarded a Third Avenue car in New York, and drawing revolvers, robbed the conductor.

British troops are being rapidly dispatched to Afghanistan.

A New York banker reports that the streets of Rio de Janeiro, N. M., are paved with gold.

It is reported that the town of Zaglad, Mexico, was almost entirely swept away by the cyclone of August 12. No lives were lost.

Twenty-two thousand mauls in Staffordshire and Westmoreland, Eng., have been ordered to be sent to the front.

Rev. W. H. Murray arrived in New York from Liverpool last week. He is going into the produce business.

A new telephone manufacturing company has recently been formed at New York with a capital of \$5,000,000. It is to be known as the People's telephone company, and a number of New York and Cincinnati capitalists are interested.

There have been a number of deaths lately in New York from sunstroke.

An Italian brigand serving out a sentence in the California state-prison, was pardoned and extradited as he was wanted at home for murder.

In a fight with the Afghans recently the British lost nearly 200 officers and men.

Gen. Albert J. Myer chief of the United States signal service died at Buffalo recently.

During a recent heavy storm at Rockaway Beach, N. Y., a small yacht captured and six men were drowned.

The mechanics of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad struck recently for advanced pay.

Judge Page of Austin, Minn., was recently shot in his house by an unknown assassin.

Mrs. Byron Sprague has assumed charge of Mr. Sprague's home at Chatham, R. I. and Mr. Sprague will take up his residence there once more.

The eruption of Pico, the largest volcano in Chili, has been attended with heavy earthquakes. Crops, fruit trees and farm produce are generally destroyed. Colossal trees were uprooted and churches demolished. The harvest was gone and crops destroyed. Thousands of people are homeless, and the people are in a state of suffering.

Romania, setting by the advice of Russia, has abandoned the right of jurisdiction over Romanians residents in Bulgaria, which she held by virtue of the Berlin treaty, and which she has hitherto energetically insisted upon maintaining.

A disastrous hurricane passed over the island of Jamaica recently. Thousands of people are homeless. Crops, fruit trees and farm produce are generally destroyed. Colossal trees were uprooted and churches demolished. The harvest was gone and crops destroyed. Thousands of people are homeless, and the people are in a state of suffering.

Two sisters, while on the deck of a canal boat opposite Cornwall N. Y., stumbled over a rope and fell forward. Both were drowned.

President Hayes left Washington recently for his home and will leave shortly for the Pacific coast.

The very latest news from Afghanistan is that the British and is feared the British will be driven from the country. At the Candahar bombardment, the Afghan artillery was used to be more effectively served than at the beginning of the siege, and the British are declared to have been detected incoherent directing operations.

A Dublin dispatch says needless alarm may be created among people at a distance by the disclosure of Spanish intrigues made by the New York Herald in Ireland. A secret society of Irishmen exists, but is comparatively harmless. Such an organization has its attractions for extreme fanatical enthusiasts. It is evidently recognized by the Fenianists, but is not connected with the Fenian movement. The Fenianists are the only society now in existence in the world which is devoted to the overthrow of the British empire. The Fenianists are a much more important organization.

Reading, Pa., is suffering a water famine.

John Elliott, of St. John, N. B., 15 years old, was killed the other day while playing baseball, being struck in the neck by a ball.

Victoria and her land of Apaches were recently badly whipped.

Nearly forty victims of the May's Landing, N. J., disaster have died of their injuries.

Great damage has been done to growing crops in the township of Buckland, Berkshire county, P. Q., by a hail storm. The settlers in many instances have lost their entire crops.

A remarkable dwarf has just arrived in New York from Ireland. She is 22 years old and has not increased in stature since she was six months old, while her head is as large as an adult's. She is dumb, but appears to understand conversation.

Arrangements have been made to run a line of steamers in connection with the Erie and other American railways, to carry merchandise from Chicago via New York to all ports of the northeast of England via West Hartlepool.

Eighteen of the rioters who participated in the murder of the American miners, John Connolly, Henry Youmans and George Arnold, in the state of Michigan last March, have been arrested and lodged in prison at Zimacora.

An attempt has been made at Mandalay, Burma, to assassinate King Theobald. A Pongee went to the king's apartment where he was stopped and questioned. His replies were unsatisfactory and he was seized, when a dagger dropped from his garments. He had twelve associates. The Pongee and one of his associates were put to death.

St. Julien, the celebrated French horse, recently trotted a mile at Hartford, Ct., in 2:11-4, and was purchased by Robert Bonner for \$60,000.

Four white men, diagnosed, went to a negro cabin near Cochen, Ga., a few nights ago, upon the door and legs, firing into the cabin. The occupants, John Brown, killed two brothers named Dykes with a shotgun and escaped. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

A pair of British soldiers, who preferred to go to prison rather than continue in the service, smashed \$1000 worth of plate-glass in New York recently.

Stanford B. Clifford, the well-known artist, died at New York recently.

T. G. Gad, American consul at Bergen, Norway, reports the seizure by him, with the assistance of the authorities, of the American ship, the *Albatross*, which was seized from the West Indies harbor, Mass., on the night of July 4.

George C. Harward, a young lawyer living in Brooklyn, N. Y., was recently expected to be a woman for protection from a gang of ruffians. In endeavoring to shield the women from harm, Harward was stabbed to the heart.

Gen. John Bepret, one of the founders of the central committee of the French republic, and military commander of Paris during the commune, has arrived in New York.

Trouble is expected among the Pathans of Northern India, and the British residents are being armed.

Birth of a Spanish Prince.

No sooner does a Spanish prince or princess of the blood royal descend to be born, than the august little stranger is called upon to play a conspicuous part in court ceremonial of a very solemn and fascinating character. The programme of action to be observed on such occasions has been just published at Madrid, in anticipation of a "happy event" expected to take place in the Palacio Real before the end of this month, and will doubtless be carried out to its minutest detail.

According to ancient prescriptions, the lying-in chamber of a Spanish queen may not have more than one door, which must communicate with a saloon in which the chief officers of State, deputies from both Chambers of the Cortes, admirals, marshals, and grandees of Spain are required to assemble when the body surgeon of her Majesty shall announce that the birth is at hand. This announcement is made to the President of the Council and the minister of justice, who are conducted by the king in person into the queen's bedroom, where the accoucheur officially communicates to them the state of affairs. This they, in their turn, impart to the illustrious gathering in the aforesaid saloon. The assembled dignitaries then wait patiently until the royal infant "deigns to enter the world."

As soon as this important event takes place, the king carries the new-born babe into the saloon on a huge golden silver, and exhibits it to all present, commencing with the minister-president. Twenty-four hours later its birth is registered civilly, and the cardinal patriarch of India baptizes it in the palace chapel. Immediately after the ceremony the baby, if a boy, is dubbed knight, and invested with the insignia of the Golden Fleece.

Sunday in Germany.

The close of the afternoon service is the signal for the commencement of the Sunday revels. On ordinary Sundays the men play skittles at the public house, while the women sit together in groups at their doors, and gossip or sing, or do nothing; but whenever the people have any money in their pockets, and can afford to pay for a band, they get up dances and amusements. An excuse for such festivities is never wanting—a school festival, a wedding or a patriotic anniversary. The government, in its anxiety to keep up a military spirit in the country, encourages everything which will recall the victories of the Franco-German war, and as every village furnished its contingent at that time, opportunities of revelry are not wanting. One of the village will celebrate the declaration of war, another the battle of Worth, and so on. All the neighbors go in pilgrimage to the door where the celebration takes place. It invariably begins on Sunday, and lasts till the small hours on Tuesday morning, when the patriots return to their homes in the "condition" expressly styled in Germany "cat's grief," a condition in which for two days, at least, it is impossible to do any work whatever.

Curious Death at a Grave.

A few weeks ago Milton Sharp, of Burlington, N. J., buried his wife. Every evening since he has visited the cemetery. On a recent night, while leaning on the picket fence which surrounds the burying ground, he was, it is supposed, seized with apoplexy and fell. His neck was caught between two pickets and so severely held that in my minutes elapsed before he could be rescued. He was then unconscious from strangulation.

Dr. Pugh was called, and did all that was possible to relieve the sufferer, who lingered until evening, when he died. Many people believe that it was a case of suicide, as Sharp has been dependent since his wife's death.

Tapering Off.

An educated white girl, aged 17, married a full-blooded negro aged 40, at Allegheny, Pa. Her relations endeavored to cause a separation, but she would not at that time part from her husband, who was a well-behaved intelligent man. However, after a year of matrimony, she has voluntarily severed the connection by elopement. Her second choice is a mulatto.

## SCIENTIFIC.

Prof. Lewis Swift has discovered another comet, making the fourth he has found in the past four years. It was in Ursa Major, right ascension, about 11h. 5m. declination, 69 deg. north.

A new motor designed for pumping water, though the subject of many years of experimenting on the part of the inventor, has recently been built upon a commercial scale, and seems likely to fill a want wherever moderate quantities of water are to be lifted a short distance cheaply.

The ability of different kinds of seeds to withstand high temperatures has been extensively tested in Germany by Dr. L. Just. He found that many species could be heated up to from 242° to 255° F., when dry, without losing their vitality; but the limit in most cases was between these figures. Some seeds retained their germinating power, notwithstanding they had been plunged into boiling water; but in these cases it is believed the water had not soaked in beyond the outer covering.

The trout is distinguished in every stream by variations of form and tint. In rivers rushing rapidly over gravelly beds it arrives at the highest perfection of shapely outline and silvery glow, its golden scales changing into a rich play of gray and brown, dashed with ruby spots; while in moorland streams it becomes as dark as the peat itself. In a river flowing over chalk it acquires a whitish tinge, these variations showing that nature gives it this power of adapting itself to its surroundings as a means of preservation from its numerous enemies.

An interesting discovery has been made at Edge Lane quarry, Oldham, Eng. The quarrymen, in the course of their excavations, have come upon what has been described as a fossil forest. The trees number about twelve, and some of them are two feet in diameter. They are in good preservation. The roots can be seen interlacing the rock, and the fronds of the ferns are to be found imbedded on every piece of stone.

The discovery has excited much interest in geological circles round Manchester, and the "forest" has been visited by a large number of persons. The trees belong to the middle coal-measure period, although it has been regarded as somewhat remarkable that no coal has been discovered near them. The coal is found about two hundred and fifty yards beneath.

The brilliancy of the planet Jupiter will be greater in October than it has been for many years past. The large red spot on his disk which made its appearance in 1878, and which is a puzzle to astronomers, is still visible, and a host of satellites throughout the country are directed to this object of interest.

Henry Draper gives an examination of a photograph of the spectrum of the planet that there is an absorption of solar light in the equatorial region of the planet, and also a reproduction of intrinsic light. He recognizes these "apparently opposing statements by the hypothesis that the temperature of the incandescent substances producing light at the equatorial region of Jupiter do not suffice for the emission of the more refrangible rays, and that there are present materials which absorb those rays from the sunlight falling on the planet."

Four remarkable groups of spots are now visible on the sun. They include some fifty individual spots, and are scattered over the disk in such a way as to give it a very peculiar appearance. They can be studied to the best advantage with an eyepiece of low power that shows the whole disk at once, but a good eyeglass will show the larger ones. Jupiter and Saturn are now the most brilliant objects in the midnight sky. Saturn's rings have opened so far that comparatively small telescopes will show them. When sufficiently magnified, the division in the rings can be plainly seen with a two or three inch telescope. Those who wish to see this planet in one of its most beautiful phases should not neglect to study it now. It will reach its greatest brightness for this year in October, and its rings will continue to open for three or four years yet; but the planet, as a whole, will not show to better advantage than now.

Artistic Jewelry.

A curious and beautiful wedding gift has recently been executed in this city. It consists of a solid gold chain, of the cable pattern, of great weight, and so constructed as to be worn as a bracelet at will. To this chain is suspended a large circular locket, with gold back, crossed by a broad band of fine diamonds, and encircled by a small chain of very delicate workmanship. The locket is a unique specimen of artistic jewelry; it is of crystal, seal-engraved from the back, and painted. It has been produced by the only artist in this kind of work in London. The design is extremely elaborate; on the curling waves of a green sea, the Cambria, Mr. Ashbury's famous yacht, the winner of the ocean race in 1870, is coming proudly in, her white sails filled by the summer wind. The second object on the glittering expanse is the "spot boat" at Sandy Hook, its red hull, two black sails, and the American ensign flying from it, forming an exquisite contrast of color. In the middle distance of this sea piece on crystal is a yacht, presumably the Cambria's defeated rival, miles behind, with tiny hull and speck-like sails, while the funnel and smoke of the tug waiting on the left completes the design on the left.

Owen Brown, the son of John Brown, lives alone on Gibraltar, the Lake Erie island home of Jay Cooke. He is described as "tall and stoop-shouldered, with a sandy beard, in which lay a few streaks of white; blue eyes, a pleasant voice and air of gentleness; one could hardly imagine that he had played a part in such troubled scenes in Kansas and the south." He is a bachelor, and likes the lonely life he leads. He receives a small salary as guardian of the property, and spends much of his time fishing.

## FASHION ECHOES.

A new color called moonbeam is a soft silver green.

Gilt pins for bonnets are now made with pearl heads.

Card-cases and pocket-books are novel and durable.

Ostrich plumes—long, demi-long, and the merest tips are used.

Six pairs of stockings accompany each gown sent out by a French dress-maker.

Cords will play an important part in the trimmings of dresses and wraps this fall.

Stockings at \$15 a dozen are not considered dear by ladies who take pride in their dress.

The design of Egyptian necklaces found in the catacombs is reproduced in embroidered collars.

Little dogs' heads are the newest objects which are seen imbedded in the glass of Buffon bonnets.

Red is the color that will be most used in fall millinery; it is used for the entire bonnet, or else in combination with other colors.

New robes de chambre have large full sleeves shirred in at the armhole, and shirred also at the wrist to a narrow embroidered cuff.

One of the velvets to be used for trimming next winter is brocaded with balls of velvet, in each of which is a tiny figure in chintz colors.

Amber-colored roses are very fashionable on black Spanish lace bonnets. A fringe of amber beads forms a sort of coronet on the hair in front.

The novelty for evening dresses is brocade, showing flowers of white uncut velvet that imitate pearls resting on velvet pile of lavender, pale rose, blue or cream white.

In London only one kind of necklace is worn by young women, a double row of pearls with a diamond clasp tightly wound about the throat or worn over a lace lappet.

Red has invaded even kid gloves. Some imported for fall wear are current red and scarlet. There is an attempt to introduce red kid shoes and slippers for home wear.

Plaids, stripes, and plain red stuffs of either bright or dark shades are used for combining with plain goods, and to serve for trimmings, as the foundation of the suit is usually plain.

The principal feature of new French millinery goods is the plush pile and fur-like finish given them. This is seen not only on the bonnets themselves, but on the fabrics for trimming.

Black wool costumes with cut-away basque and single skirt ruffled up the front have a red Surah Directoire collar, which is smooth and stiff in the back, but is gathered on the front revers.

The lophophore, impion, pheasant, and peacock feathers are used for turbans, and they are completed by two wings at the back that touch without lapping, in the Mercury fashion worn several years ago.

A coachman's drab cloth costume of dark shade has purple-striped wool for bordering the overskirt, the two kilt flounces, and for the collar and folded cravat on the double-breasted cut-away basque.

Ladies